

The Brothers Grimm

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Illustrated by Carme Peris



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1986

Silver Burdett





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First published by Ediciones Hyma (Spain)
as Caperucita Roja.

English text © Silver Burdett Company 1986.

First published in the United States by
Silver Burdett Company, Morristown, New Jersey.

Published simultaneously in Canada by
GLC/Silver Burdett Publishers, Agincourt, Ontario.

ISBN 0-382-09380-1
Library of Congress Catalog Card No. 86-42826

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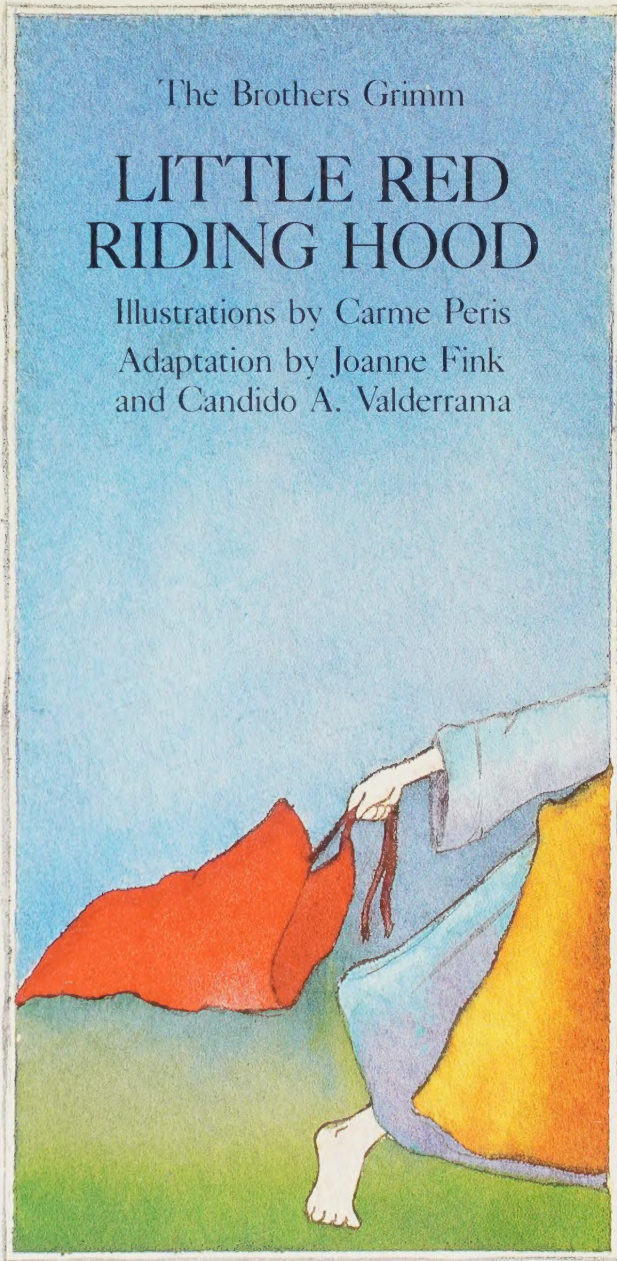
Printed in Spain. Dep. L. B. 28.168-86

The Brothers Grimm

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Illustrations by Carme Peris

Adaptation by Joanne Fink
and Candido A. Valderrama



Silver Burdett Company

Morristown, New Jersey Agincourt, Ontario

Long ago there lived a young girl whose sweet and gentle manner won her the friendship of all who met her. No one though, loved her more than her grandmother. And, as grandmothers often do, the woman showered her granddaughter with many gifts and surprises.

One gift was a little red velvet hood. On the girl it was so becoming that she wore it wherever she went. Soon everyone began calling her “Little Red Riding Hood” and eventually, no one even remembered her real name.





One fine, sunny Saturday the little girl's mother told her, "Little Red Riding Hood, please take this cake and big pot of honey to your grandmother. She has been ill and is still very weak. This food might help her feel better. Now, be off before the day grows too hot. Take care not to lose your way. Stay on the path and watch where you step, you don't want to fall and get hurt. And when you get to grandmother's house remember your manners."

"Oh yes, Mother, I'll do everything just as you say," replied Little Red Riding Hood. And after giving her mother a kiss and a hug, she skipped off down the path that led to the forest. .





Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother lived outside the village, right in the middle of a forest. It usually took the little girl about a half hour to get there.

When Little Red Riding Hood reached a clearing in the forest she came face to face with a wolf. She wasn't frightened though. The little girl had no idea how dangerous a wolf could be.

"Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood," said the wolf in his most pleasant voice.

"Why good morning to you, wolf?"

"And where are you off to on this fine summer morning?"



“To visit my grandmother.”

“What are you carrying so carefully in your basket?”

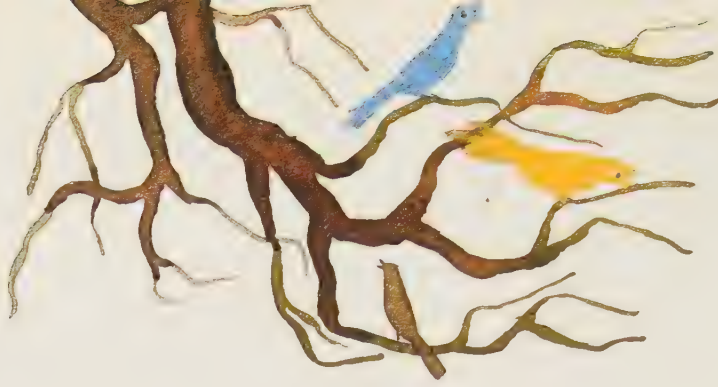
“A freshly baked cake and a big pot of honey. Grandmother’s been ill and she’s feeling weak. She needs this good food to help her recover.”

“So where does your grandmother live?” asked the wolf as an evil gleam came to his eye.

“Oh, just another fifteen minutes ahead, straight through the forest,” she offered. “Her cottage stands beneath three very tall oaks. There’s a grove of hazelnut trees nearby. You must know the place.”







“That I do,” the wolf thought to himself, “and this sweet little girl will make a very nice meal — tender and tasty, certainly a much better morsel than her old granny. But maybe, if I work things just right, I can make a feast of both of them!”

So he fell into step at the little girl’s side, thinking and scheming as they went. A short while later he remarked slyly in his rather deep voice, “Little Red Riding Hood, why is it that you don’t stop to admire all the beautiful things in the forest? Surely you enjoy the gentle chirping of the birds, and all the brightly colored flowers that cover the forest floor. Actually, you look like you have to go off to school and not like you’re going to your grandmother’s house. Take a little time to look around.”

And with that Little Red Riding Hood opened her eyes wide and noticed the way the sun beamed down through the trees and danced mysteriously on their leaves. Suddenly, she realized there were colorful flowers blossoming everywhere. “Oh, grandmother would just love a big bunch of these flowers. They’d brighten her cottage and lighten her mood!” She stepped off the path and began picking flowers. And for each flower she picked she saw another just a bit farther away that was just a little prettier than the last. And so, without even realizing, she kept moving deeper and deeper into the forest.





The wolf in the meantime went straight to grandmother's cottage and knocked on the door. "Tap! Tap! Tap!"

"Who's there?" asked grandmother.

"It's Little Red Riding Hood. I've brought some cake and honey for you" said the wolf, disguising his voice to make it sound high and not like a wolf's voice at all.

"Open the door yourself, dear," said grandmother from her bed. "I'm too weak to get up." The wolf opened the door and stepped inside the cottage. He spoke not a word, but with one leap sprang upon the grandmother. In just one gulp he swallowed her up. Next he stepped into her night clothes, and carefully arranged her nightcap on his head. Settling himself in bed, he patiently waited for Little Red Riding Hood to arrive.



Red Riding Hood was still picking flowers. Suddenly, she remembered that her grandmother was waiting for her, and she dashed through the forest to her cottage. Walking up the path, she found the front door was standing wide open and she stopped in surprise. Little Red Riding Hood looked all around, but nothing appeared to be amiss. As she stepped inside the cottage though, a strange, scary feeling she couldn't explain swept over her, "Don't be so silly," she said to herself. "What could be scary here? It's Granny's house and I'm always glad to come see her."

Then she remembered her manners and called out, "Good morning Granny!" but there was no answer. She crept over to the bed, drew back the curtains and there was her grandmother. Her nightcap sat neatly on her head as always, but this morning she looked very strange indeed.











“Grandma, what big ears you have!” exclaimed Little Red Riding Hood.

“The better to hear you with, my dear!” replied the wolf.

“Grandma, what big eyes you have!”

“The better to see you with, my dear!”

“Grandma, what big hands you have!”

“The better to hold you with, my dear!”

“Grandma, what huge and horrible teeth you have!”

“The better to eat you with, my dear!” And with these words the wolf bounded from the bed and in one gulp, swallowed up Little Red Riding Hood.



After his feast the wolf grew sleepy and climbed back into Granny's bed. With his stomach full he fell asleep almost at once and began to snore. His snores grew louder and louder, echoing through the quiet forest.

A woodsman passing by the cottage heard the horrible din and thought, "Heavens, how loudly the old woman is snoring. I wonder if something is wrong with her." Upon entering the cottage he discovered the wolf lying fast asleep in grandmother's bed. "So it's you," said the woodsman. "I've combed the woods for you everywhere, and this is where I find you!" With that the woodsman raised his rifle to his shoulder and took aim. He was about to pull the trigger when it occurred to him that the wolf might have eaten the grandmother whole. "Perhaps she can be saved," he thought laying aside his rifle. From grandmother's sewing box he took a pair of shears and "snip, snip, snip," cut open the beast's belly.

He saw a little red hood peeking out of the wolf's stomach. And after a few more snips, the little girl jumped out, unharmed.







“How dreadful!” she exclaimed. “You’ve no idea how scary it is inside a wolf!”

Another snip of the scissors freed Granny, very much alive, but quite out of breath. Little Red Riding Hood dashed outside and filled a basket with stones. She dragged the basket back in, and threw every last stone into the wolf’s belly. Quickly, grandmother stitched it closed.

When the wolf awakened he tried to run away, but the stones were so heavy that he lost his balance, fell on his head, and died.



Grandmother, the woodsman, and Little Red Riding Hood were very pleased. The woodsman took the wolf's skin home. Grandmother ate the cake with some honey and felt better. And Little Red Riding Hood? Well, she thought to herself, "Never again will I disobey my mother and leave the forest path to wander in the woods!"



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